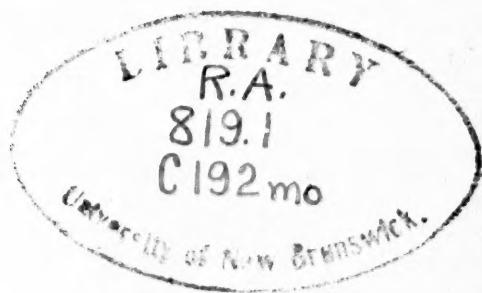


**MORNING:—A POEM WRITTEN  
BY WM. WILFRED CAMPBELL  
AND ISSUED PRIVATELY TO HIS  
FRIENDS.**



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**NEW YEAR  
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MORNING.

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**W**HEN I behold how out of ruined  
night  
Filled with all weirds of haunt-  
ed ancientness,  
And dreams and phantasies of pale  
distress,  
Is builded, beam by beam, the splendid  
light,  
The opalescent glory, gem-bedight,  
Of dew-emblazoned morning; when I  
know  
Such wondrous hopes, such luminous  
beauties grow  
From out earth's shades of sadness and  
affright :

O, then, my heart, amid thy questioning  
fear,  
Dost thou not whisper:— He who  
buildeth thus  
From wrecks of dark such wonders at  
His will ;  
Can re-create from out death's night for  
us  
The marvels of a morning gladder still  
Than ever trembled into beauty here—?

X1864A

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